He needs no indirect nor lawfull course,
To cut off those that haue offended him.
1 Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant spring, braue Plantagenet,
That Princely Nouice was strooke dead by thee?
*Cla.* My brothers loue, the *D*euell, and my rage.
1 Thy brothers loue, the deuell, and thy fault,
Haue brought vs hither now to murther thee.
*Cla.* Oh, if you loue brother, hate not me,
*I* am his brother, and *I* loue him well:
If you be hirde for need, go backe againe,
And *I* will send you to my brother Gloceſter,
Who will reward you better for my life,
Then Edward will for tydings of my death.
2 You are deceiu'd, your brother Gloceſter hates you.
*Cla.* Oh no, he loues me and he holds me deare,
Go you to him from me.
*Am. I*, so we will.
*Cla. T*ell him, when that our Princely father Yorke,
*B*leſt his three ſonnes with his victorious arme:
And chargd vs from his ſoule to loue each other,
He little thought of this diuided freindſhip.
Bid Gloceſter thinke of this and he will weepe.
*Am. I*, miſtones, as he leſſond vs to weepe.
*Cla* O, do not ſlander him for he is kinde,
1 Right, as ſnow in harueſt, thou deceiuſt thy ſelfe,
Tis he that ſent vs hither now to murder thee.
*Cla. I*t cannot be: for when *I* parted with him,
He hugd me in his armes, and ſwore with ſobs,
That he would labour my deliuerie.
2 *W*hy ſo he doth, now he deliuers thee
From this worlds thraldome: to the ioyes of heauen.
1 Make peace with God, for you muſt die my Lord.
*Cla.* Haſt thou that holy feeling in thy ſoule,
To counſell me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy owne ſoule ſo blind,
That thou wilt war with God for murdering me?
Ah ſirs, conſider he that ſet you on
To do this deede, will hate you for this deede,





2 *W*hat ſhall we do?
*Cla.* Relent and ſaue your ſoules.
1 Relent, tis cowardly and womaniſh.
*Cla.* Not to relent, is beaſtly, ſauage, and diueliſh
My friend, *I* ſpie ſome pittie in thy lookes:
Oh *I*f thy eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my ſide and entreate for me:
A begging Prince, what begger pities not?
1 I thus, and thus: if this will not ſerue, *He ſ*
*I*le chop thee in the malmeſey *B*utt in the next room
2 A bloudie deede, and deſperately performd,
How faine like Pilate would *I* waſh my hand,
Of this moſt grieuous guiltie murder done.
1 *W*hy doeſt thou not helpe me?
*B*y heauens the Duke ſhall know how ſlacke thou
2 *I* would he knew that *I* had ſaued his brother,
*T*ake thou the fee, and tel him what I ſay,
For *I* repent me that the Duke is ſlaine.
1 So do not I, goe coward as thou art:
Now muſt *I* hide his body in ſome hole,
Vntill the Duke take order for his buriall:
And when I haue my meed I muſt away,
For this will out, and here *I* muſt not ſtay.
*Enter King, Queene, Haſtings, Riuers, &c*
*King.* So, now *I* haue done a good dayes worke,
You peeres continue this vnited league,
I euery day expect an Embaſſage
From my Redeemer, to redeeme me hence:
And now in peace my ſoule ſhall part to heauen,
Since *I* haue ſet my friends at peace on earth:
Riuers and Haſtings, take each others hand,
Diſſemble not your hatred, ſweare your loue.
*Ri. B*y heauen my heart is purgd from grudging
And with my hand *I* ſeale my true hearts loue.
*Haſt.* So thriue *I* as *I* ſweare the like.
*King. T*ake heed you dally not before your King
Leaſt he that is the ſupreme King of Kings,
Confound your hidden falſhood, and award
Either of you to be the others end.